

Thos -
Moulton
History

THOMAS MOULTON HISTORY

History of Thomas Moulton and Family as compiled by Verda Hicken, great-granddaughter, from the following sources:

- (1) Notes taken by Elijah M. Hicken, a grandson, March 11, 1933, during a family gathering following the death of his mother, Sophia Elizabeth Moulton.
- (2) "A Pioneer Story of our Family" by Mildred Martin, a great-granddaughter, as published in "Dramatic Pioneer Stories" by Silas Cheney.
- (3) "The History of Thomas Moulton" as given by Dorothy Eggleston at the Moulton Reunion in 1951, and compiled by Violet Moulton Holdaway from material obtained from Henry Moulton, Nellie Earl, Katie Duke, Josie Todd, church records, family records, and newspaper clippings.
- (4) Belated Emigrants of 1856 by Solomon F. Kimball, Improvement Era, November 1913.

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His father was William Moulton, who was born in Irchester, North Hamptonshire, England, about 1781. When William was 22 years old, he married Sarah Horne. To them three sons, James, John, and Thomas.

William had been married but nine years, when he died at the age of 31, leaving his wife and three small boys, James, 6 years, John, 4 years, and Thomas just two years old. James, the eldest son, died in his sixteenth year in England. John married Elizabeth Draper, came to Utah, and died in Payson in 1882.

Thomas Moulton was born November 10, 1810, at Irchester, North Hamptonshire, England. Because of his father's early death, he lived with a family by the name of Tunnel about fourteen years, and worked as a child laborer. When he was 22 years old, he married Esther Marsh, a young woman eight years his senior. They had two daughters: Susan, born in 1831 who died two years later, and Sarah, born March 5, 1837, who married John Bennett Hawkins, at Salt Lake City, Utah.

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Thomas had much sickness and was often poor. So after he had kept house for awhile his former employer, Mr. Tunnel, took him back. He was put in as superintendent of three stocks and was known as the shepherd. His work kept very busy. He was up late at night, and out again at 3 a.m. in the morning.

On February 25, 1839, about seven years after their marriage, Esther Marsh Moulton died, leaving her husband and two-year daughter, Sarah. A year later, in April 1840, Thomas married his second wife, Sarah Denton, who was born June 5, 1818, at Rushden, North Hamptonshire, England. (1) She was the daughter of Charles Denton and Charlotte Bassfield. Her father was a small man in stature, being able to walk under his wife's out-stretched arm.

By 1838 several branches of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints had been organized in England. The missionaries were making many converts to the Church. Among them was the wife of John Tingey, a shoemaker. (2) She tried to persuade Sarah Moulton to go with her to meetings. When she left the Moulton home one day, she placed a copy of "The Voice of Warning" by Parley P. Pratt on the table, and when Thomas came home that night, "That was part of the supper he ate." Later, when his wife came home he said, "Mother, where have we been? Here is the gospel!"

From then on they became interested members of the Church, joining it on December 29, 1841. (3) The missionaries came to their home. Elder Parley P. Pratt often "nursed" (cared for) their little boy, Heber, born July 1, 1848, who was named after Elder Heber C. Kimball. A spurious missionary also came into their home, and started to teach the children songs, but the Moultons were not mislead.

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- (1) One record gives her birth date and the place as June 15, 1818, Rushdown, North Hamptonshire.
 - (2) There is a note to the effect that Mr. Tingey made the "first" shoe", which may have inferred that he made Thomas Moulton's shoes. John Tingey became branch president of the Church in his vicinity.
 - (3) One history says they joined the Church during the time of Heber C. Kimball's missionary experiences there. In June 1837, Heber C. Kimball was sitting in the Kirtland Temple waiting for the service to begin when Brother Joseph whispered

in his ear: "The Spirit of the Lord has whispered to me: "Let my servant Heber go to England and proclaim my gospel and open the door of salvation to that nation." Nine days later, he with other elders, left on this mission. Within eight months' time they had converted 2,000 people, Brother Kimball being responsible for the conversion of 1,500.

The ambition of the converts in England was to emigrate to America and go to Utah where they could be with the majority of the saints. The Moultons did not have money to emigrate to America, but each pay day, unknown to Thomas, his wife Sarah took \$2.00 from his pay check and collected it in a fruit jar. This money she hid away, keeping careful count of it, and resisting any temptation to use it for other purposes.

In 1856 fifteen years after they had joined the Church, the following conversation occurred. Thomas Moulton came home one day from work, and his wife asked him this question:

"When does the next emigration boat leave for America?"

"Why?" he asked.

"Because,"--and Sarah Moulton probably drew a deep breath--"because, we are going to sail on it."

"But, Mother, we can't. Where would we get the money?"

Then Sarah replied, "I have it," and triumphantly she led him to the hiding place of the fruit bottle and showed him the hard earned money she had collected and saved through the years.

During this period the Moulton family had been growing. There were now seven children including Sarah, daughter of Esther, Thomas' first wife. All were born in Irchester. In 1856 there were four girls, Sarah age 19, Mary Ann age 15, Charlotte (called "Lottie") age 5, and Sophia Elizabeth (called "Lizzie") age 3, and three boys, William age 13, Joseph age 11, and James Heber, age 8.

The preparation for the emigration of this family of nine was no small undertaking, especially since a new member was expected momentarily. As the journey was to be a long one--approximately six months-- they could take with them only what clothing and supplies were absolutely necessary. And as money was scarce, they lived chiefly on barley flour for

~~they had to in order to save with the money~~ *But all*

practically a year in order to save while they gathered the necessities to migrate.

As the date for sailing neared, and everything was ready to go, Thomas Moulton said, "Mother, we can't go. You are expectant, and the baby would be born at sea."

Sarah, staunch soul that she was, replied, "That doesn't matter. We are going!"

Thomas felt hesitant about their undertaking such a long and strenuous journey. So before they left England, Sarah went to see one of the brethren who gave her a blessing. He promised her that she would make the journey safely without the loss of one member of her family. (This promise was literally fulfilled, for though their trials were severe, and her baby Charles, who was born at sea, was reduced to a near skeleton, these children all grew to maturity, married, and reared families.)

But yet another test came to the Moulton family. Some of the children had just recovered from a light case of small pox. One of the girls though fully recovered, had noticeable pox marks on her hands. With unswerving determination to avoid any postponement in their plans and with a prayer in her heart that they would all pass the health inspection, Sarah made some mitts for the girls to wear on their hands. Sophia Elizabeth, writing to her grand-daughter, Verda Hicken, November 27, 1932, described this experience as follows: "Before leaving England our sister was staying with our aunt, and she took the small pox and died. My sister took it too but lived. When we left she only had one pox mark. It was on her left wrist, She had some gloves. When we went to be examined before we could get in the ship, Father prayed earnestly that they would not have to take off both gloves for if they did the mark was so fresh they would not have let us come. God answered his prayer. They did not take off the left glove. I consider the whole journey faith promoting."

Yes! Their prayers were answered. The family passed the health inspection; and so on May 3, 1856, no doubt with the sadness of departure in their hearts, the Moulton family bade farewell to their homeland and set sail from Liverpool, England, on the ship "Thornton." On board were 764 persons of Danish, Swedish, and English nationality. Excess baggage had to be left at seaboard, as they were allowed to take only so much on the ship.

The trip across the ocean was made in a sailing vessel. Three days after they set sail, while they were yet crossing the Irish Channel, Charles Alma, their seventh child, was born May 6, 1856. He was so small and frail that he was carried on a pillow until after they

Utah. Later, when he was a grown man, he ofte, jokingly remarked that he was a man born at sea without a country or nationality.

For two weeks the sailing was fine. Then the ship ran into icebergs. The ship was tossed about, and at the end of the third week of sailing, it was nearer Liverpool than it had been at the end of the first week. The captain of the ship said that he would have been unwilling to cross the sea had it not carried "Mormon" people aboard. Much of the time the ship lay down on its side, because of the efforts of the captain to keep it zigzagging against the wind.

The chief food on the ship was rice and sugar and musty oats, which nobody could eat. The food was boiled in salt water, then washed off. Meat set out for meals was white with salt. The passengers would eat, and then clamor for water, the supply of which was too short. Mrs. Moulton shared her water, with the little children, and as a result had no milk for Charles. Whether that was the cause or not, Charles was thirsty all his life, and seemed able to get enough water to drink.

During the voyage, which lasted six weeks, the ship caught fire. The Mormons kept calm during this emergency. Their missionaries helped to keep the passengers from getting hysterical, while others helped put out the fire. Much of the food supply was destroyed by the fire, so that the passengers were reduced to a rationed diet of sea biscuits and rice. The captain of the boat said he was sure the only reason the vessel was saved was because of the Mormon people who were on board.

After sailing for six weeks on the water, the family of ten arrived in New York Harbor, June 14, 1856. This experience of sailing on the ocean, Joseph Moulton said later, was well worth paying for.

Having more clothing than they could find accommodations for, the Moultons left a large box of it on the boat for the captain to give to the poor. They then embarked by railroad for Iowa City, the starting point for the handcart companies, and arrived there on June 26.

Here they found there were no covered wagons to be had, so they had to use handcarts (1) for traveling across the plains.

(1) By this means the emigrants could journey from Liverpool, England, to Salt Lake Valley for about forty-five dollars.

Since these were not ready, it caused a three-week's delay. Two hundred and fifty handcarts had to be made for the coming emigrants. Many of the carts were made of green, unseasoned timber, and when they were subjected to the heavy strain of the trip, some of them had to be abandoned. Often 400 to 500 lbs. of flour, bedding, cooking utensils and clothing were carried on each handcart. However, only 17 pounds of personal luggage was allowed each person. Emigrants had to discard all their personal belongings at Iowa City, except this meager 17 pounds.

The Thomas Moulton family was assigned to the James G. Willie Handcart Company. This company was composed of 500 saints, with more than the usual number of aged. With them were three cows, a wagon to carry supplies, and three yoke of oxen for each 100 travelers. There was a tent for every 20 persons, and a handcart for every five. All together, besides the emigrants, there were 120 carts, 5 wagons, 24 oxen, and 45 beef cattle and cows.

The Moulton family was allowed one covered and one open handcart. Thomas Moulton and his wife pulled the covered cart. The baby Charles, and "Lizzie" and "Lottie" rode in this cart, while Heber, age 8, walked behind. A rope attached to the cart, was tied around his waist to keep him from straying away. The other cart was pulled by the two girls, Sarah and Mary Ann, and the two boys, William and Joseph.

On July 15, they bade farewell to Camp Iowa, and began their 1300 mile journey westward with the Willie Company, little knowing what the future might hold in store for them. The first two hundred miles of their journey was over beautiful grassy plains, with flowers, wild fruits, and plenty of fish in the streams. Delicious fruits hung on every bush. Honey could be bought for a song, and milk was had for the asking. While the companies were passing through this beautiful country, the anti-Mormons along the route did everything possible to induce the daughters of Zion to remain with them, and the temptation was so great that a number of girls did accept their offers.

When they reached Florence, Nebraska, (Winter Quarters) it was necessary to repair many of the carts, so several days were spent mending carts, taking on new supplies, and getting ready for the remainder of the journey. Some carts couldn't be repaired and had to be left by the wayside. The travelers were becoming tired and weary, and unable to push or pull the heavily loaded carts, so that all unnecessary things were discarded. Many were walking

on calloused bare feet. At different places along the way the Moultons had had to leave clothing and supplies because of their inability to transport them. (1)

It was so late before the Willie Company was prepared to leave Florence, that a council was held to decide whether they should go or not. Some who had been over the route strongly advised them of the danger of traveling so late in the season. Among them was an Elder Levi Savage, who was returning from a mission to Siam and Ceylon. But as Captain Willie and the members of his company wanted to tackle it knowing that if they stayed at Winter Quarters they would be without accommodations, Elder Savage said when overruled: "What I have said I know to be true; but seeing you are to go forward, I will go with you; will help all I can; will work with you, will rest with you, will suffer with you, and if necessary, will die with you. May God in his mercy bless and preserve us." As it was they started August 19th (2) with short provisions, thinking they could replenish their supplies at Laramie. As extra insurance they placed an extra hundred pounds on each cart, which the human draft animals pulled as bravely as possible. During their travels the Moulton children went out in the fields with their mother to glean wheat. At one time they had barley bread and one apple for three people.

On the afternoon of August 29th, the Willie Company came suddenly upon a band of redskins which gave the emigrants a scare as the Cheyenne Indians were on the warpath that season, killing men, women and children all along the route. For protection, the company made a camp circle. Fortunately, the Indians turned out to be friendly. The bucks had on nothing but a britch cloth. The emigrants purchased some buffalo meat and a number of trinkets from the Indians and then pushed on.

(1) One history says they left a trunk of clothing in New York, and a trunk of supplies in Iowa. The notes taken at the family gathering stated that they were not allowed to take some excess baggage on the ship, that a box was left on the ocean, and also one at Florence, Nebraska.

(2) The Restored Church, Berrett, p.390 says the James G. Willie Company "reached Florence, Nebraska, August 19." Essentials in Church History, Smith says the Willie Company "left Iowa City July 15, and Florence, Nebraska, on the 19th of August." (p.486)

They had not gone far when they came to a place where a few days previous the Redskins had massacred the members of the Almon W. Babbitt party. (1) As soon as the Willie Company gathered up the mutilated dead and buried them, they quickly moved on with "feelings better imagined than described." Several days later they heard of the massacre by marauding Indians of the Margetts party who were on their way to England. News of these massacres did not tend to lighten the hearts of the handcart emigrants, but it did serve to make them more vigilant. Even then, they were deprived of many of their cattle, which were stolen by the red men.

Thomas Moulton was the camp butcher. At night he did the butchering for the entire group. Cattle were used to pull the supply wagons. The emigrants drove the beef, which got "poor" from the trek. The worn-out oxen were killed for beef. To make soup, the emigrants hunted for hoofs, which they cooked. None of the company, it seems, knew how to catch a good buffalo. For fuel they burned buffalo chips.

Just before daylight of September 4, the redskins caused a stampede and ran off with all of Captain Willie's beef cattle. This proved to be a real calamity, as their food supply was already running short. They spent a day looking for these cattle, but were unable to find about 30 head. The Moultons, together with the other members of the company, were therefore required to pull an additional 100 pound sack of flour on each handcart in order to lighten the load for the oxen that were recovered.

About 300 miles west of Florence, they barely escaped being trampled under foot by a herd of what seemed thousands of frightened buffalo that came rushing in behind them at break-neck speed. On being still further frightened by the emigrants flapping their coats at them, the herd divided, half on the right side and half on the left. The company managed to kill the last one, which turned out to be an old bull.

(1) Colonel Babbitt was Secretary of Utah. The massacre occurred in September while the handcart companies were on the Platte. The Babbitt Company was on its way to Utah from Washington, with a train of government property.

The trials of these early pioneers were getting more difficult all the time.

Provisions were getting low. Many became ill, and deaths were increasing daily. The fear that the entire company would perish prevented even proper ceremonies for the dead. Loved ones were wrapped in sheets, lowered into hastily dug graves, and covered with rocks to keep away the wolves which hovered constantly along their trail. The extra burdens put upon the handcarts because of the loss of the wagons and cattle, was more than many of the emigrants could bear, so the loads had to be greatly lessened by leaving behind articles of clothing and bedding so that progress could be made. Along with these difficulties winter set in early. Also, they were approaching the mountains where the hardest part of their journey lay.

On the 12th at North Bluff Creek, 613 miles west of Iowa City, provisions ran so low, that Captain Willie was compelled to cut the rations to 15 ounces for men, 13 for women, 9 for children and 5 for infants. Just before dusk there arrived in camp all remaining missionaries from Europe, consisting of the Richards party, who had left the river after getting the last Mormon emigrant company of the season on its way. (1) When they saw the plight of the emigrants they promised to rush on to the valley as fast as possible, and acquaint the authorities with the sad predicament they were in, then return to their relief with the first party that left Salt Lake. The next morning after giving them words of encouragement and singing several rousing songs, this missionary group went on.

On the 15th, the emigrants met several Arapahoe Indians, who gave an account of an attack made by the Sioux Indians on a large emigrant train some distance ahead, killing quite a number of them.

The first frost of the season was experienced the night of the 17th. The next day Ellen Cantwell was bitten by a large rattlesnake, but the bite was not fatal. That evening Sister Stewart became lost and was found just in time to save her from being eaten by a pack of hungry wolves.

(1) This was the Franklin D. Richards party. Many had been from home over three years.

Franklin D. Richards had been president of the British Mission

On the 30th they reached Fort Laramie, 500 miles east of their destination. Here they found plenty of buffalo robes and such few provisions as the Richards party, passing that way, had been able to purchase for them.

The next day they met Apostle Parley P. Pratt, at the head of a group of missionaries who were going east. When he saw the Moultons he asked, "Where is my boy, Heber?" That night Elder Pratt delivered a powerful address on the gathering. The missionaries camped with the emigrants, and next morning bade them farewell. It was the last time the emigrants were to see Elder Pratt alive for he was killed sometime later.

From Fort Laramie further restrictions were placed on the company, increasing with severity as they progressed. Part of the handcarts had become so useless they had to be left by the wayside. The remainder were so heavily loaded that the steep sandy slopes west of Fort Laramie caused the Saints to cache articles of clothing and much bedding by the wayside in order to proceed with greater speed before winter should come upon them.

The emigrants struggled on, day after day, in misery and sorrow, sometimes going quite a distance, other times being able to walk only a few miles. Many became ill, and deaths increased daily. The early part of their journey the emigrants had been troubled by mid-summer heat, dust and rains which converted the dust to mud, making travel difficult. Now with the setting in of an early winter, they were forced to wade through freezing streams, and sleep in the open with insufficient bedding. Through deep snows, piercing winds and freezing temperatures, and weakened from exposure and lack of food, they would have to go bravely on.

On the 12th of October Captain Willie cut the rations for his company to 10 ounces for men, 9 for women, and 3 for infants. On the 14th another reduction was made. On the 19th the last ounce of flour was doled out. Snowflakes blazed their faces that afternoon, while fierce winds blew about them, but they dared not stop. Foot after foot they toiled themselves on a few miles and camped in some willows. That evening at the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater, the snow was 18 inches deep, their few starving draft animals were scattered in the storm. There were five new corpses to be buried. Without strength to hunt their stock or to walk farther, they stalled there in the snow. The ground was frozen hard, and since their strength was gone, they could not even dig graves for their dead, but simply buried them in a snowdrift.

Two miles below Rocky Ridge on the Sweetwater, the storms were so bad that they were unable to go on. They made camp, and waited for relief to arrive from Utah. Captain Willie, meanwhile, knowing that all must perish unless relief came immediately, had gone on ahead to urge the rescue teams to hurry. Brother John Chislett, a member of the ill-fated company said about this portion of the journey: "We were finally overtaken by a snowstorm which the fierce winds blew about our ears, but we dare not stop, as we had sixteen miles to make that day in order to reach wood and water. As we were resting at noon, a light wagon from the west drove into camp, and its occupants were Joseph A. Young and Cyrus H. Wheelock. (1) Messengers more welcome than these young men were to us never came from the courts of glory. After encouraging us all they could, they drove on to convey the glad tidings to the members of the Martin Company which it was feared, were even worse off than we. As they went from our midst many a hearty "God Bless You," followed them."

Brother Young and Wheelock had urged the Saints to push on no matter what the sacrifices might be as there were more than 1500 emigrants to be rescued and the 16 loads of provisions coming would not last many days.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the distant cliffs west of the camp, several covered wagons were to be seen coming toward them. The news spread like wildfire. Shouts of joy rent the air. Strong men wept, and children danced with gladness. As the brethren entered the camp, the women fell upon them and deluged them with tears and kisses. The rescuers were so overcome they could scarcely speak. Before they had time to alight from their wagons they witnessed sights that were enough to move the hardest heart. These poor unfortunates, numbering a little less than five hundred, were caught in a place where there was neither wood nor shelter. They had not had anything to eat for forty-eight hours, and were literally freezing and starving to death.

The Salt Lake boys were soon mounted on harnessed mules, with axes in hand, and in a short time dragged from the distant hills several cords of wood to the Willie Camp below.

(1) The Kingdom of God Restored by Grant gives this date as October 28. The Improvement Era article by Kimball places the date earlier, stating that they reached South Pass October 24th, a few days after the above episode.

Bonfires were soon made and the cooking began in earnest, every available person taking and. This was kept up until every member of the Willie Company had enough to eat and to spare. Soon there was an improvement in camp but the relief came too late for some. Nine deaths occurred that night.

Among the 27 young men who came to the relief of the handcart companies were Elders William H. Kimball and George D. Grant. They had remained in the Salt Lake Valley but two days before starting back to the relief of the emigrants. The next morning, October 22, Captain George D. Grant with 17 men and 9 teams pushed on to aid the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt Companies, taking most of the provisions with them, while William H. Kimball with the remainder of the outfits started back to Salt Lake City in charge of the Willie Company.

It was late in the day before Elder Kimball got the handcart people started, as they were in such a weakened condition. About forty of their number had already perished, and others were dying. While crossing Rocky Ridge, many of the Saints frosted their hands, feet and faces, the weather was so extremely cold. The next morning they pushed on as rapidly as possible, as they were anxious to get the benefit of the newly broken road, before the drifting snow filled it; but they were sadly disappointed as a fearful blizzard storm raged throughout the whole day. They were nearly out of provisions again, and had to travel at least twenty miles before they could replenish their supplies. This was the most disastrous day of their journey and fifteen of their number died that day.

Coming over Rocky Ridge a kindly old woman, in order to relieve his mother, held Heber Moulton's hand as he trailed behind the handcart, with rope around his waist. This kindly act saved his right hand, but his left hand, being exposed to the sub-zero weather, was frozen. The flesh dropped off his fingers to the first joint. When they reached Salt Lake City, it was necessary to saw off the blackened bones, and of course, there was no ether or such to give him during the operation.

When night came a bonfire was built and the ground was thawed out sufficiently to dig a large grave. In this grave, the fifteen persons who had perished from the bitter cold were buried. It was so cold that if a person sat down five minutes he would get sleepy, and in a short time be dead. It was an easy death

On the 24th of October after a hard climb, they reached South Pass, where flour and plenty of wood at the Allred Camp were found. The next day they met five Bailey Teams, but it was deemed advisable to have them go to the aid of the Martin Company, which was at least one hundred miles in the rear. These wagons had made a well-beaten track which proved of much benefit to the handcart folks, enabling them to reach Green River by the last of the month. The next day they met seven teams from Fort Supply, and three from Salt Lake. From there on they met teams every day, but most of them went on to the relief of the other parties.

When they arrived at Fort Bridger on the 2nd of November, they were filled with joy to find fifty teams that had been sent from the settlement north and south of Salt Lake to haul them the remainder of the way, although many walked all the way. Up to this time about one-sixth of their number had died since leaving Iowa City on the morning of July 15th.

At the foot of Little Mountain in Emigration Canyon, the Moultons were met by an uncle with a supply of bread and butter sandwiches. (1) It tasted so good to the starving emigrants they nearly foundered on it. The children declared that it was the best food they had ever eaten in their lives.

About noon on the 9th of November, 1856, William H. Kimball halted his sixty wagons of suffering humanity in front of the old tithing office building, where Hotel Utah now stands. (2) The company was greeted by hundreds of Salt Lake citizens who were anxiously awaiting their coming. In less than an hour from the time that ill-fated company reached Salt Lake, every man, woman, and child that belonged to it, was being tenderly cared for in a number manner that brought tears of joy to their bloodshot eyes.

Charlie, the nursing infant, was a mere skeleton--so weak and frail that no one expected him to live. He had been carried all the way on a pillow. When his pitiful little body was held up to the sun, one could see right through it. People came from all around to see him,

(1) He was "Uncle Custley", Auntie Hooper's husband. She was his fifth wife. She died at the home of Sophia Elizabeth Moulton Hicken.

Out of 1500 emigrants caught in the early snows that winter, 1300 were saved. They had traveled 3,000 miles from England to Boston, thence by rail 1,800 miles to Iowa City, then by handcart the remaining 1,300 mile journey.

and give Mrs. Moulton warm clothing. Certainly the blessing given the Moultons before they left England was fulfilled, for the Moultons lost not one member of their family on this perilous journey, and through their faith and prayers and the tender care they gave him, the youngest member of the family, the infant Charles, grew to manhood. He married Rhoda Francis Duke, and after raising a family in Heber City, he moved to the Teton Basin in Idaho, where he became a prosperous rancher. He died just one day before his 75th birthday.

On December 5, 1856, the Moulton's oldest daughter, Sarah, was married to John Bennett Hawkins, an established blacksmith, who had been a member of the rescue party sent out by President Young. They made their home in Salt Lake City, where they became a prosperous and influential family.

The Moulton family stayed in Salt Lake about three weeks, then moved to Provo where Mr. Moulton worked as a farm laborer. A man whose first name was Moroni, took the family to Provo. On the way they camped at Lehi. They met the Jonathan Clegg family, who became early pioneers of Heber City. Mr. Clegg was a maker of cloggs--wooden-soled shoes.

In Provo the Moultons located in the Fourth Ward, where for four years the family of eight lived in a one-room adobe house. An interesting incident happened here. The Bishop brought them some squash to eat. Mrs. Moulton had not seen squash before, and she wanted to know if they were chairs.

Mr. Moulton got employment from William Holiday, running his farm, which was fully equipped. He would seize the grain in one hand and cut it with the other with a hand cycle which had teeth. Not able to understand that machinery could be used for such a job, it is said he once threatened to kick Mr. Holiday out, when he attempted to cradle the grain.

Here in Provo the Moulton's eighth child, Thomas Denton, was born, October 29, 1858. He died ten months later. Here also their daughter, Mary Ann, was married to Frederick Giles, January 19, 1859. She was the mother of Frederick W., John I. and Sarah Giles Mahoney. (1)

(1) Sarah Giles was the first wife of Jeremiah Worth Mahoney. His second wife was Malinda (Lindy) Hicken, another grand-daughter of Thomas Moulton.

They later moved to Heber, where she died at the age of 28.

The Moultons stayed in Provo until 1860, at which time Thomas Moulton and his son, William, looked at places in Sanpete. William was nearly killed. He fell under a wagon wheel and grazed his head. It was a close call.

In 1860 on the recommendation of Fred Giles, the Moultons moved to Heber City. Sarah, Joseph, and Thomas Moulton came to the valley to do the spring plowing. Joseph worked for James Carlie, called Uncle Jimmy. The rest of the family came to the valley about July, about the same time as the Thomas Hicken family.

As the settlers were having trouble with the Indians, they took refuge in the log fort that was built in 1859 and 1860. This fort was located in the northwest part of town, starting on First West and Second North (at the Dewey Moulton home), and running north to Fifth North and west to Third West. It afforded protection to sixty-six families whose cabins were built around the inside walls of the fort. The Moultons built on the southeast corner, about the middle of the block. Thomas Hicken's cabin was on the same block on the North East corner near J.W. Crook's.

The Moulton's first house was a two-room log house. They obtained cottonwood from the river and split it to make the roof. The roof was covered first with straw, and then with dirt. When the first rains came, it started to leak. Then they thatched it with straw laid end to end like shingles, each so-called shingle being 4 to 5 inches thick. Between the two rooms was a hall, which later became a room. The floor was made of fine willows. Later they had a birch broom. The broom they used, called a "beason" was made of fine willows. The wood was split, turned down, and then bound to make a broom. Their first light was sagebrush dropped on the fire. Later they used a birch bark, and finally they used what they call a "bitch", which was a dish of oil with a cotton rag in it.

On September 16, 1860, their ninth child, John E. was born, and three years later, the tenth and last, George Franklin.

After moving from the fort, Thomas Moulton built the rock home now owned by Maud Witt Campbell on 2nd North and 2nd West. He and his wife were both systematic and methodical in their work and planning. They did their share in helping to pioneer the Heber Valley.

They raised their own flax and made thread from it. The seed from the flax made good animal food. They pressed out the oil, and made flax seed cakes for the animals to eat. These cakes were broken into $\frac{1}{2}$ inch squares, and used to fatten the sheep and cattle.

The Moultons also made small rope from the flax. Large rope was made out of hemp. They made molasses from beets and also cut carrots. The first fruit they had was melon rinds. From ground cherries they made preserves. Melon rinds were also used to make molasses. Their early experience of poverty in the old country taught the Moulton family to always appreciate food after coming to the valleys. The early pioneers had to do without much that we consider necessities today. Sophia Elizabeth used to recall how when they first came to Utah, the Moulton children would go skating on the ice ponds with bare feet because they didn't have shoes.

As mentioned previously, they acquired some sheep. They made a carding mill and carded the wool into robes. Sophia Elizabeth (Lizzie) and her sister Charlotte (Lottie) would spin on looms. Cloth was called "lincy" for women and "jeans" for men. Heber Moulton was married in 1874, and his wife made a suit for him that winter out of "jens" (jeans).

The flour which they used was chopped wheat--bran and all. The first good flour was made by Charles H. Wilcons and Robert T. Birton where the old Hatch Mill now stands.

In 1866 Joseph Moulton went east for a company of emigrants. This same year companies were organized to fight in the Black Hawk Indian War. All those between the ages of 18 and 45 were organized according to territorial law. Thomas Moulton was guard. He was in the John Galligher Infantry Company. Once when Heber Moulton was substituting for his father as guard, Captain Willie Wall decided to try him out. He came along on his horse at night. Heber raised his gun, and Captain Wall said, "You will do."

Joseph Moulton enlisted when he was 17 in the John M. Mardock Infantry Company and played the snare drum, while William Moulton was a sergeant in the Thomas Lee Infantry Company.

Sarah Denton Moulton died in 1888 at Heber, Utah and her husband, Thomas in 1892.

Their son, William Denton Moulton, married Mary L. Lee and Mary Ann Davis. He built two homes, one in Heber, and one on the ranch near to the present Keebley. This ranch was

for many years one of the finest in the valley and was looked upon with pride by the Moulton family. For years William Moulton supplied the mines in Park City with milk, butter, meat, and produce. He was the father of nine children and died at the age of forty. The William Moulton red sandstone home on the left side of the road above Elkhorn leading to Heber, was still standing in 1959, but a new highway necessitated its being razed to the ground.

Joseph Moulton married Mary Elizabeth Giles, Annie K. Jensen, and Jensine Mary Jensen. With the exception of a year spent in Old Mexico, he spent most of his life in Heber. He was a farmer and stock raiser, had twenty-three children, and died in Heber in his eighty-ninth year.

James Heber married Euphemia Carroll. He made his home in Heber where he farmed and also was tithing office clerk for many years. After the death of his wife, he married her sister Emily Carroll Bentley. As most of his children were grown and married, he moved to Salt Lake City, where he enjoyed working in the temple. He died in 1934.

Charlotte married a school teacher, Willard Carroll. After living in Heber for eight years, they moved to Orderville. From there they moved to Old Mexico where most of their children were born. After her husband's death, she returned to Blanding where she made her home. She did a great deal of temple work and died in 1940, the last of the Moulton's original family.

Sophia Elizabeth married Addison Hicken. They were called on a mission to Arizona. After their return to Heber, she spent many years serving in responsible positions in the wards and stake. She worked for years doing temple work and died in 1933 at the age of eighty.

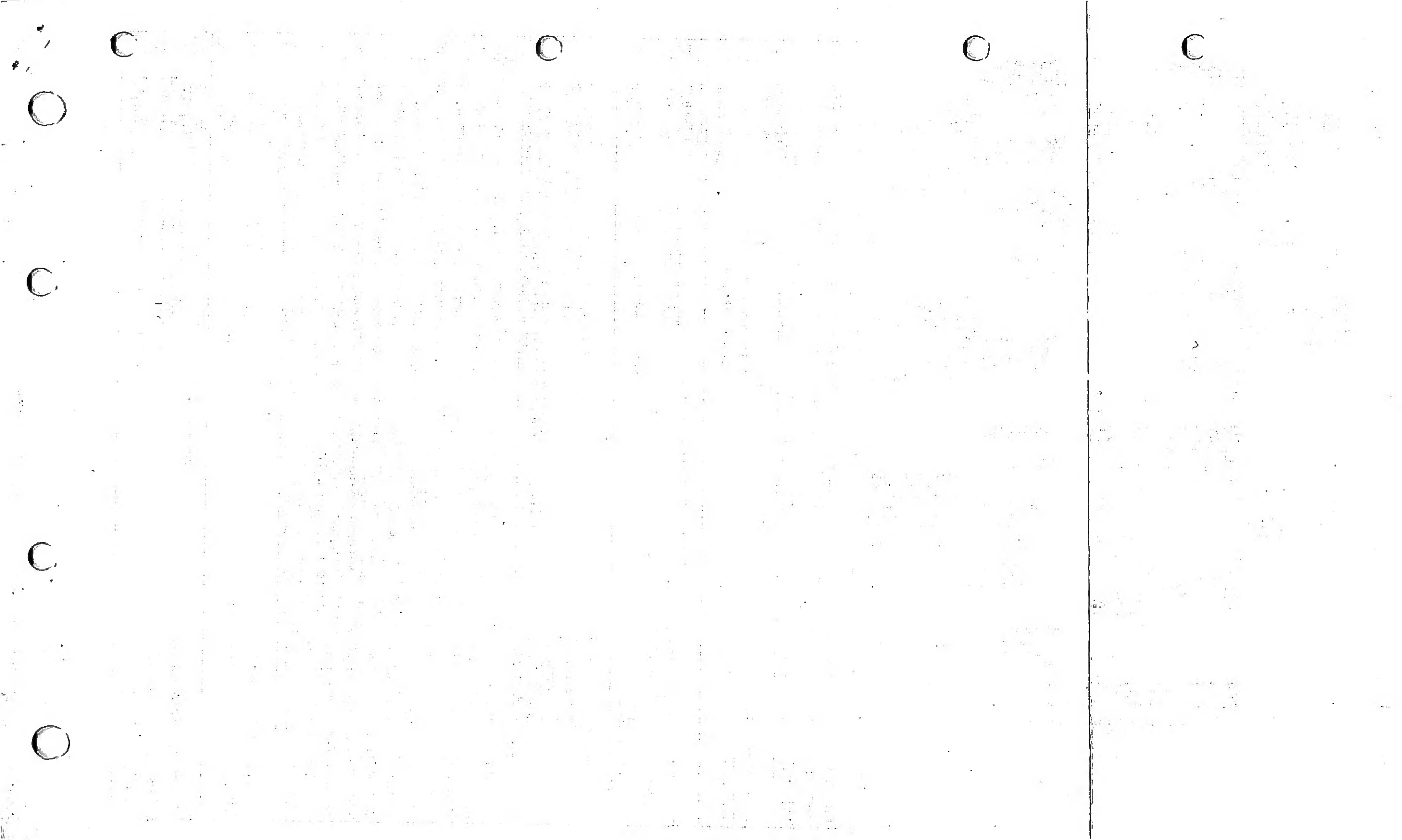
Charles married Rhoda Duke. They moved to Victor, Idaho, where he engaged in farming and stock raising. He died there in his seventy-fifth year.

Thomas Denton was born in Provo in 1858 and died a year later.

John E. Moulton, one of the best farmers in the valley according to a nephew, married Isabella Thacker. He was active in church and civic affairs and died at the age of fifty-five.

George Franklin married Ada Cluff. They had seven children and lived in Victor, Idaho, for a number of years. They later returned to Utah and he died at Bingham Hospital in 1933 in his seventieth year.

The sons and daughters of Thomas and Sarah Denton Moulton have given their services freely in the communities in which they have lived. As Heber was their home, they are still well represented there by their posterity. The Moultons were considered one of the staunchest families in the community, and says one writer, "To this day the parents are remembered by the Heber City People as Grandma and Grandpa Moulton."



Thomas Moulton

Sarah Moulton Hawkins

Sarah Ann Hawkins Keyser

William Harold Keyser

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Charles Harold Keyser, 5350 South 4420 West, Kearns, Utah
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Donald Frank Redmond, 150 W at 5300 South, Kearns, Utah
Bruce John Redmond, 2122 East 48th South, Salt Lake City 17, Utah
Jeanne Ann Redmond Howells, 33 E Burton Avenue, Salt Lake City 16, Utah
Constance Gay Remond Murray, c/o 215 Central Avenue, Murray, Utah
Lorraine Redmond Buyers

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Robert Frank Buyers, address not known.

Audrey Lynn Buyers, address not known.

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Clarence Hawkins Oquisthorpe, Park City, Utah
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Mayrene Last Jones, 5910 Flores Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California
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Gary Don Giles, 978 East 1st North, Provo, Utah
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Roy Ross Bowman, 124 W at 4th South, Brigham City, Utah

Monte R. y Bowman, Route 2, Blackfoot, Idaho

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